

The Historic

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as a better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men.

*West.* I, but, sir Iohn, me thinks they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouertie I know not where they had that; and for their barenesse I am sure they neuer learn't that of me.

*Pri.* No, ile be sworne, vnlesse you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but sirra, make haste, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king incamp't?

*West.* He is, sir Iohn, I feare we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene ghast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why, say you so? lookes he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosen be aduis'd, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You doe not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life,

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Doug.* Yea, or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

of Henry the

Your Vncle Worcesters horses ca  
And now their pride and metall is  
Their courage with hard labour ta  
That not a horse is halfe the halfe o

*Hot.* So are the horses of the en  
In generall iourney bated and bro  
The better part of ours are full of r

*Wor.* The number of the king o  
For Gods sake, coosen, stay till all

The trumpet sounds a parley. *Exeunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious off  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and r

*Hot.* Welcome, sir Walter Blun  
You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and eu  
Enuy your great deseruings and g

Because you are not of our qualiti  
But stand against vs like an enemi

*Blunt.* And God defend, but stil  
So long as out of limit and true rul

You stand against anointed maiest  
But to my charge. The king hath i

The nature of your grieues, and w  
You coniure from the breatt of ciu

Such bold hostilitie, teaching his d  
Audacious crueltie. If that the king

Haue any way your good deserts f  
Which he confesseth to be manifo

He bids you name your grieues, a  
You shall haue your desires with u

And pardon absolute for your self  
Herein misled by your suggestion

*Hot.* The king is kind: and we  
Knowes at what time to promise,

My father, and my vncle, and my f  
Did giue him that same royaltie he

And when he was not fixe and twe  
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretch